

WEATHER REPORT.

Fair tonight and Sunday; moderate temperature.

Greencastle Herald.

ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME FOR JUST 1 CENT A DAY—THAT'S THE HERALD. CALL PHONE 65.

VOL. 2, NO. 252.

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA. SATURDAY, JAN. 18, 1908.

PRICE ONE CENT

OFFERS LIFE FOR THAW'S

Ohio Man, for \$3,000,000, Would Take Prisoner's Place in Cell, and if Necessary Go to the Electric Chair.

NO PARTICULAR DESIRE TO LIVE

NEW YORK, Jan.—One of the 2,000 strange letters which have been received by Mrs. Evelyn Thaw since Harry K. Thaw's trial began which was made public contained an offer from an Ohio man to substitute himself for Thaw and if necessary be executed. The writer imposed the consideration that his family be paid \$3,000,000 as soon as the proposed substitution is complete.

His letters covered over 600 pages. He declared that he was a double of the prisoner in appearance, and could take Thaw's place in appearance by visiting him in the cell in disguise the writer whose name was not to be mentioned was not made public said he had no special desire to live and was not afraid to die. The letter was written coherently.

The nonarrival of important witnesses who are hurrying to New York by steamer and train, caused an abandonment of the afternoon session of the Thaw's trial and cut the morning sitting down to less than two hours. Mr. Littleton, leading counsel for the defense, announced that beginning tomorrow he would hurry the case along as fast as he could possibly do it.

It was necessary, he explained,

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We will insure your property in the county or city, in the largest and strongest companies in the world; will sell you a farm or a home and make you a liberal loan, on long time, at a low rate of interest, to assist you in paying for it. List your property for sale with us.

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Solicits your patronage on the basis of prompt service and courteous treatment. Will get you to your train on time. Phone 149. Leave orders at Palace Restaurant. Will Also paugh

The obligation will be on our part.

New Moving Pictures

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2000 feet Film each night—the best ever seen in the city.

Stereopticon Desolving Views—they are fine. GOOD MUSIC.

Miss Freda Huffman Musical Director. Miss Gertrude Taylor Vocalist.

Admission 10c; Children 5c

HAS HIS PICTURE MADE

Editor H. M. Smith Goes to Editorial Meeting in Indianapolis and Has Photo in the Star.

THEY WERE ALL FOR FAIRBANKS

The Republican editors of the state met in Indianapolis yesterday to talk over conditions and spy out a way to push things for the party. One of the best known of the lot, according to the Star, was Harry Smith, editor of the Banner. He came in for one of the important places on the list of officers, and had his picture with the "big nine" of the day. The place he secured was that of executive committeeman.

Among other things that the editors talked over was the presidential nomination, and they concluded to endorse Fairbanks, "the frigid statesman" for head place on the national ticket. They were also opposed to the civil service law, holding that the victor should take all the spoils instead of only part of them. If the Republican row continues to boil under careful direction of President Roosevelt, the Republicans will wait for a more powerful civil service law when the Democrats take office. In the meantime talk does no harm, and makes all feel better for a chance to air opinions.

BOYS' BAND IS ORGANIZED

Greencastle to Have New Musical Organization Composed of Youths Whose Inclinations That Way Tend.

Greencastle is to have a new band. A number of boys have organized for band practice, and will meet twice a week in the room over the Banner office on Franklin street. So far ten boys have joined the organization, and they are enthusiastic about the band and its possibilities. They propose to run opposition to the phonographs and other musical machines, and when the time comes, give Greencastle some of the real thing in music hot off the reel.

The move is a good one, deserving of success, and we hope the venture will meet with the long life and prosperity it deserves.

DR. HUGHES WILL PREACH

The regular monthly university service will be held in Meharry Hall tomorrow afternoon at 3:15. President Hughes will use as the subject of his sermon "The Upper Realm of Prayer," choosing the text from John 16, 23. Special music will be rendered by a chorus of young ladies of the Music School. The selections are as follows:

- (1) Holy Redeemer, Marchetti. Treble Clef Chorus.
- (2) Lift Thine Eyes, ("Elijah") Mendelssohn, Treble Clef Chorus.

On the printed programs for tomorrow's service, tribute will be paid to the memory of little Kathleen Gough, daughter of Professor and Mrs. Gough and to L. Paul McCordle, late of the Freshman class, both of whom have died since the last university service.

HONORS FOR LITTLETON

Former DePauw Man, Now Well Known Attorney, Is Made General Attorney of Big Four Railroad System.

Notice has been received by local attorneys of a good thing that has fallen to the lot of Frank Littleton, a former DePauw man, and well known here. Mr. Littleton has been made General Attorney of the Big Four railroad system. He will have headquarters in Cincinnati, and will have charge of the general litigation of the company.

This is a very responsible position, representing as he now does, the tremendous interests of the Big Four systems. Mr. Littleton has the congratulations of his many Greencastle friends.

Miss Edyth Kinney will be at the Opera House tonight as a feature of the big vaudeville bill arranged by Manager Blake for this week. No advance in price.

What!

Reserved Seat Sale For the

DePauw Glee Club Concert

Opens next Monday, at 2:00 o'clock, at Langdon's Book Store. Entertainment on WEDNESDAY, JAN. 22d In Meharry Hall, at 7:30 o'clock p. m.

"It's the event of the Season."

WALSH IS CONVICTED

Jury Out Thirty-Six Hours Finds Chicago Banker Guilty on Fifty-Six Counts Meaning Five Years of Prison.

Late this morning the jury in the trial of John R. Walsh, banker and railroad, reached a verdict. They found Walsh guilty on fifty-four counts. It is understood that this will mean a sentence of not less than five years in the penitentiary. The jury was out thirty-six hours.

The case has been appealed, and it is the general impression that though found guilty by the lower court, Walsh will never see the inside of a cell.

WAS JUST A WARNING

The delivery horse belonging to T. E. Evans grew tired of waiting this morning and ran away down the street past the jail, bringing up at last with no damage done. Those who saw the affair are inclined to think the horse was issuing a warning of intention to strike for higher wages. Others hold that the smell of fresh carrots and cabbages rendered the animal momentarily insane, and that it imagined itself back in the pastures of its youth. At any rate the horse will be hitched hereafter.

MEN WANTED

Between 18 and 35 years of age for the Indiana National Guard. For full particulars apply at Wm. Sutherland's Law Office, Opera Bldg., Greencastle, Ind.

Saturday's Market

Lettuce, Celery, Sweet Potatoes, Baltimore Oysters Sweet Oranges, Grape Fruit, Tangerine, New Figs and Dates, Coffee Cakes, Layer Cake, Angel Food, Home made Doughnuts, French Rolls, Parkerhouse Rolls, Cream Puffs.

Prompt Delivery

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GEPHART WINS FIRST PLACE

At the DePauw Prohibition oratorical contest last night A. R. Gephart, was chosen as the local representative in the Indiana State Prohibition Oratorical Contest at Valparaiso, March 7. The winning oration was entitled "Evolution of Prohibition." There were four contestants for oratorical honors, one of whom, a lady, was the first woman on the platform of DePauw for many years. The other contestants were:

H. T. Manuel, Liquor Problem and the Individual; Miss Ida Riley, National Sobriety; Clinton Mangum, Conscience and the Liquor Traffic.

Music was furnished by the Prohibition Male Quartet composed of Birch, McGregor, Hess and Plank.

Mr. Gephart won the prep oratorical two years ago, the local Prohibition contest last year, and second place in the state. He has good changes of winning the state next March.

Judges of the contest were: Prosecutor, James P. Hughes, Prof. Tilden and Dr. Banker.

The winner receives \$25 prize donated \$5 each by H. C. Allen, Greencastle, C. M. Lemon, Mrs. F. T. McWhirter, Hugh Dougherty of Indianapolis and A. S. Prescott of Goshen. The man winning second honor receives a \$5 prize donated by Rudy Burkett of Greencastle.

IS GOOD WINTER WEATHER

Bright Week's End Brings Large Number to Town and Makes the New Year Seem Prosperous.

It was a beautiful winter's day, and as a result a large number of those who are so fortunate as to live in the country came to town. The streets about the square were populous with men, women and children, a decided contrast to the barrenness of the past blustering days. The large crowd in town demonstrated that neither Democrat nor Republican politics are necessary to bring in the people here. The large sales advertised by several merchants have the same effect, and from a financial standpoint perhaps a better effect. At any rate many men started for home package laden.

MANUFACTURERS AID DRUGGISTS

Supply Formulas and Guaranties for Old Preparations Now in Stock.

Reports received at the office of H. E. Barnard, State food and drug commissioner, indicate that the druggists of Indiana will not lose much money on account of the new law relating to the labeling of certain drugs, which goes into effect March 1 next. Pursuant to Mr. Barnard's directions some druggists of the State have already written to different manufacturing companies asking for formulas of old drugs kept in stock by the druggists and which can not be sold after March 1 unless the packages bear the labels with the formulas. It is believed there will be little difficulty in getting the manufacturing firms to supply formulas for these old drugs.

One letter received from W. W. Jones, a druggist, at Greencastle, was unusually encouraging. Mr. Jones said he had written letters to 159 manufacturing firms asking for guarantee and corrective stickers for drugs which he holds in stock. He had received these stickers, he said, from 120 companies. A few of the companies he had not heard from. A few others had gone out of business, and six or seven letters were returned because they were not addressed properly.

Mr. Jones, the Greencastle druggist, said it was his understanding that the druggists of the State are well pleased with the new law. He is glad, he says, that the law was enacted. He believes it will mean that more nearly uniform prices will be maintained by retail druggists. He also likes the manner in which Mr. Barnard will allow the druggists to sell their old stock which at present is unlabeled, provided they first supply stickers bearing the formulas. If these formulas can not be obtained from the manufacturing concerns which made the medicine the State department will attempt to supply them from its files and if they are not on file, analyses will be made un-

der certain conditions. The law provides that all drugs containing morphine, opium, cocaine or other similar substances, shall bear labels showing the quality of such substances which the drug contains.—Indianapolis News.

SUDDEN DEATH IN HOSPITAL

Former Greencastle Woman Dies in Sanitarium before Husband Can Be Summoned to Her Bedside.

Anderson Ind., January 17.—Mrs. Olive Knight, wife of Thomas W. Knight, editor of the Anderson Daily Bulletin, died suddenly today after an illness of four weeks, at St. John's Hospital. She sank so rapidly that she was dead before her husband could arrive from the family home. She was thirty-five years old, and the daughter of Lawson Duncan, formerly of Greencastle, Indianapolis News.

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

Miss Alva McCoy is having an attack of grippe.

Mr. Farris Smith will spend Sunday in Franklin.

Miss Eunice Roper is wearing Alpha Phi colors.

Mr. Earl Hill, of Broadripple, is visiting Delta U. brothers.

Miss Joyce Bridges will spend Sunday at her home in Plainfield.

Miss Blanch Stillson will visit at her home in Indianapolis tomorrow.

Miss Mary Harrison will spend Sunday at her home in Indianapolis.

Fred Whisler has returned from his home in Wabash, where he spent Friday.

On account of the basket ball games the girl's "gym" classes will not meet today.

The University Literary Society will meet in Plato Hall this evening at seven o'clock.

The University Class meeting will be held at nine thirty tomorrow morning in Plato Hall.

Miss Lydia Beeler is confined to her room at the Alpha Chi house by an attack of the grippe.

At the University service tomorrow afternoon Dr. Hughes will speak on the "Philosophy of Prayer."

David Whitcomb was called to his home in Shelbyville, yesterday by the death of an uncle. He expects to return today.

Professor R. B. von Kleinsmid, of the Department of Education, left for Columbus, Ind., early this morning.

He delivers his lecture "The Missing Link" before the Bartholomew County Teachers' Association this afternoon.

John J. Rumbarger, '86, of Philadelphia, was in Greencastle, for a few hours yesterday as the guest of Charles Barnaby. Mr. Rumbarger is one of the best known lumbermen in the country and has been attending the State Hardwood Lumber Association meeting at Indianapolis of which Mr. Barnaby is president. Mr. Rumbarger is a Phi Gamma Delta.

(Continued on Page Three.)

TO ALL LOCAL DEMOCRATS

Statement of U. S. Jackson, State Chairman, That Is of Interest to Every One Who Votes.

WILL DO HIS BEST FOR BRYAN

Greenfield, Ind., Jan. 15.—Declaring that if he can contribute to the election of William J. Bryan to the presidency he will have reached the height of his ambition, and stating that he was serving no faction, U. S. Jackson, the new chairman of the Democratic state committee, today issued a written statement defining his position. In it he emphatically declares he is controlled by no faction and will be dictated to by no man. Stories which he says were published by Republican newspapers stating that he was elected to back one man and one or two interests Mr. Jackson brands as "monstrous falsehoods."

The following written statement was issued today:

"To the Democrats of Indiana—In assuming the duties of chairman of the Democratic state committee I feel it my duty to communicate to you of the rank and file of the party some of my aims and purposes. You are entitled to my confidence and you shall have it without reservation.

"I shall perform the duties of the position, having in mind only the welfare of the Democratic party, fully conscious that victory, for which I earnestly hope, can be brought about only by harmony. If there is any man in Indiana who expects me to aid him for his personal end or ambition he will be disappointed. If any class or interest expects to use me or my position to accomplish any selfish purpose or end of that class or interest will be convinced that it has misjudged me.

"I will allow myself to be dictated to by no man, nor will I be controlled by any faction within the party, nor by any faction either within or without the party.

"In this campaign all Democrats who will loyally support the candidates and principles will look alike to me, and all such will be welcomed at headquarters, for I will need the co-operation of all.

"It has been charged by the Republican newspapers that I was elected to become the creature of one man and the tool of certain interests. I can only refute these monstrous falsehoods by performance.

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is not only free from strains and pulls from within, but withstands the wear and tear from without, because it is made from the highest quality of materials obtainable and constructed with the utmost perfection of detail. The merest glance shows it to be The Better Shoe—close inspection brings out the reasons for its superiority.

Full lines—all styles—all lasts.

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The Greencastle Herald

Published every evening except Sunday by the Star and Democrat Publishing Company at 17 and 18 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

F. C. TILDEN C. J. ARNOLD

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One Year, strictly in advance, \$3.00. By Carrier in City per week 6 cents. Advertising rates upon application.

The weekly Star-Democrat—the official county paper—sent to any address in the United States for \$1.00 a year.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Greencastle, Indiana, Post-office.

WHERE IS THE BLAME.

There were 5,000 deaths and 76,286 injuries by accident on the railroads of the United States during the last year. As usual, when the yearly death rate of our railroads are published, the question is asked, where does the blame lie? It has usually been laid at the door of the officials. It has been held that an attempt to operate fast trains with too few men, on single tracks, or too many trains on double tracks. Now it is urged that the blame lies largely with the employees. This writer, himself a railroad operative, declares that it is the custom for train men to disregard rules for the running of trains. He holds that it is this disregard of rule that is responsible for many wrecks. It is undoubtedly true that the business of railroad has a peculiar effect upon the temperament and nerves of the engineer. Take, for illustration, such an accident as has happened near Greencastle often the past few years. An engine strikes and kills and mangles a man. It is known to the engineer, he stops, or he does not stop, as the case may be. At any rate he climbs to his seat and starts again on his run. He must pass other road crossings with men and teams upon them. The accident is fresh in mind. Under ordinary circumstances the mangled body of the dead would dance in blurring visions before the eyes of the engineer. But it is not so. Time has been lost and must be made up. There must be no shrinking at the next crossing as he sees the farmer driving toward it. Shrinkage would mean slowing of the train, loss of time. The risk must be run. Both man and engineer must take their chances. And it is little wonder that month after month of "his waging with death in many forms leads to the breaking of rules for speed's sake—leads to carrying the waver a little further. And still the question arises, where is the blame?

A Cure for Misery.

"I have found a cure for the misery malaria produces," says R. M. James, of Louellen, S. C. "It's called Electric Bitters, and comes in 50 cent bottles. It breaks up a case of chills or a bilious attack in almost no time; and it puts yellow jaundice clean out of commission." This great tonic, medicine and blood purifier gives quick relief in all stomach, liver and kidney complaints and the misery of lame back. Sold under guarantee at the Owl Drug Store, in



Our Sympathy

is always extended to those in distress, but we have no sympathy to waste on the man who borrows his neighbor's paper when he can have one of his own at a mere nominal expense. Your home paper stands for your interests and the interests of your home town. It deserves your moral and financial support. If you are not a member of our family of readers you should begin now by sending in your subscription.

HOME SEASON OPENS TODAY

The local basketball season will be ushered in this afternoon at 3:30 when the Independents, one of the strongest of the Indianapolis city teams, meets the DePauw men on the opera house floor. The date was scheduled with Franklin as opponents but it was called off because of difficulties in the Baptist's squad and the city team taken on at the last moment. The visitors have a good record, however, and will doubtless give the locals all they want.

The squad has worked hard during the past week's practice, and should show a decided improvement over the form shown a week ago at Hanover. The lineup was not certain, but it is possible to judge from the play of the men in yesterday's practice. Crick and Sheets at forwards; Pruitt at center and Grady and Holloper, guards, seems to be the five although Ell, Hodges and Bacheider will likely get in before the close of the game.

Danville High School will meet the Academy team as a curtain raiser and it promises to be a spirited struggle. Ross Baker, the old DePauw basketball star is in charge of the high school five and the contest will have this added interest.

It Does The Business.

Mr. E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Maine, says of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, "It does the business; I have used it for piles and it cured them. Used it for chapped hands and it cured them. Applied it to an old sore and it healed it without leaving a scar behind." 25c at The Owl Drug Store.

A Fatal Austrian Flag.

Once there was an epidemic of plague at Odessa, in Russia, which lasted more than a year. It had a most remarkable origin, being due to a fatal flag. An Austrian vessel arrived at Odessa, bringing one of the crew who had died during the voyage. The sailor was duly interred in the Catholic cemetery at the port, and at the funeral the Austrian flag was carried by two seamen. On their way back to the vessel the men entered a great number of saloons and laid down the flag while drinking. A very short time afterward the sailors who had carried the flag died, and before long it was found that people were ill in all the houses where the men had called with the fatal flag. Soon the plague spread throughout Odessa, filling all with terror and claiming a frightful toll. There is no doubt that the flag contained the plague bacilli in the folds and so spread the disease.—Baltimore Sun.

Strictly Business.

"Sir," began a stranger as he walked directly up to a business man, "I am strictly on business."
"So am I."
"Good! I believe every man should furnish money for his own tombstone."
"So do I."
"Good again! I want to raise \$25 to pay for a stone over my grave. What assistance will you render the enterprise? I want a business answer."
"You shall have it, sir. Unless you immediately take your departure I will aid the enterprise by furnishing the corpse."
The stranger hurried off.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Golf.

Golf as a recreation appeals to practically all ages. Impetuous youth, staid middle age and the man in the evening walk of life alike feel its fascination and enjoy its manifold pleasures. Golf entails walking, the best of exercises for the average man. It trains the eye and the arm, and, while it tries, it ought also to train the temper.—Liverpool Courier.

A Warm Time Coming.

"I'm doin' me best with the fire, sir," said the janitor at the door of Galle's office one cold morning, "but I'm afraid I can't make it very warm for you. You see, sir—"
"Never mind," feverishly replied Galle, who had been out all night. "My wife will be here shortly, I expect."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Loaded.

Farmer Jones (to amateur hunter)—There wasn't a better water dawg livin' until you shootin' gents took to borrowin' 'im. Now 'is 'ids that full of shots he'd sink to the bottom like a brick.—Bystander.

Standards.

She—Men and women can't be judged by the same standards. For instance, a man is known by the company he keeps. He—And a woman by the servants she can't keep.—Judge.

Time to Get Busy.

"But life has no bright side!" wailed the pessimist.
"Then get busy and polish up the dark side," rejoined the optimist.—Chicago News.

One of the most rare kinds of courage is the courage to wait.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Engraved cards—script—at the Herald office. One hundred cards and a plate for \$1.50.

THE GREATEST WEDDING.

Over Twenty Thousand Persons Were Married by One Ceremony.

The biggest wedding ever known to history was when Alexander the Great and over 10,000 of his soldiers took part in a wedding in the court of Darius, king of Persia, after the latter's conquest by Alexander. Twenty thousand two hundred and two persons were made husbands and wives in one ceremony.

The facts are these: After conquering King Darius, Alexander determined to wed Statira, daughter of the conquered king, and issued a decree that on that occasion 100 of his chief officers should marry 100 women from the noblest Persian and Median families. He further stipulated that 10,000 of his Greek soldiers should take to wife 10,000 Asiatic women.

For this purpose a vast pavilion was erected, the pillars being sixty feet high. One hundred gorgeous chambers adjoined this for the 100 noble bridegrooms, while for the 10,000 soldiers an outer court was inclosed. Outside of this tables were spread for the multitude.

Each pair had seats and ranged themselves in a semicircle round the royal throne. As it would have taken several weeks for the few priests to have married this vast number of couples had the ceremony been performed in the ordinary way, Alexander invented a simple way out of the difficulty. He gave his hand to Statira and kissed her, and all the remaining bridegrooms did the same to the women beside them, and thus ended the ceremony that united the greatest number of people at one time ever known.

Then occurred a five days' festival which for grandeur and magnificence never has since been equalled.

MAN AND HIS HORSE.

The Way to Show Approval That the Animal Will Appreciate.

Careless plays no small part in developing the best in any horse, but this is never to be by word of mouth. You may as well curse as bless for all your horse knows or cares. The careless of the hand addressed to the part with which the animal has just performed some feat is always appreciated—the expression shows that—and one loves to see a good man as he lands safe over a big place just reach back and give the clever horse a loving pat or two on that swelling muscular loin which has been the chief agent in negotiating the obstruction.

Do not pat neck or shoulder or any part not actively engaged in the undertaking. Careless may do no good, but it is pleasant to believe that it does, and we are quite positive that the voice simply diverts attention. The former mode of address is at least worthy of trial if only as a mark of appreciation between two gentlemen. The threatening tones appear sometimes serviceable, but this is so only when horses have been abused and associate punishment with the stern voice. The wild horse is as indifferent to the voice of affection as to that of rage.—From "Schooling the Hunter," by Frank M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

Drowned Manuscript.

James Russell Lowell, the first editor of the Atlantic, was walking across Cambridge bridge when his hat blew off and fell into the Charles with half a dozen or more manuscripts with which it was freighted and which he was returning to the Boston office. A boatman recovered the hat, but the scattered manuscripts perished in those waves of oblivion. "If they had been accepted articles, it wouldn't have been quite so bad, for," said he, "we might with some grace ask the writers for fresh copies. But how can you tell a self respecting contributor that his manuscript has been not only rejected, but sent to a watery grave?"—J. T. Trowbridge in Atlantic.

A Domestic Breakdown.

A well known lord discovered a thief in his London house. Aided by the butler, he secured the man and then rang the bell. A servant appeared, whom the peer requested to "go into the kitchen and bring up a policeman or two." The domestic returned and said there were no policemen on the premises. "What?" exclaimed his master in incredulous tones. "Do you mean to tell me that with a cook, two scullery maids, a kitchen maid and three housemaids in my employ there is no policeman in my kitchen? It is indeed a miracle, and our prisoner shall reap the benefit. Turner, let the man go instantly!"—London Standard.

True to Nature.

"Are you satisfied with your dentist?"
"Perfectly. He's a real artist. His false teeth are perfect jewels."
"Can't you tell the difference?"
"They are exact imitations of nature. There is even one that's so good an imitation that it aches sometimes."—Paris Journal.

Many Sides.

"That's the way the thing was told to me, but of course there's always more than one side to a story."
"Of course. There are always as many sides to a story as there are people to blame."—Philadelphia Press.

Quite a Difference.

"What does Vernon do for a living?"
"He works in a paint shop."
"Why, I understood he was a writer for the magazines."
"Well, you asked me what he did for a living."—Bohemian.

It isn't so that woman is at the bottom of all trouble. It's money.—Manchester Union.

LENGTH OF THE DAYS

Difference Between the Star Day and the Sun Day.

IT IS GREATEST IN WINTER.

Why the Difference Occurs and How It May Be Observed—Oddly Enough the Shortest Day in the Year Is Really the Longest Day in Time.

How long, after all, is a day? The geographers say that it is the time required for the earth to turn once on its axis, that it measures twenty-four hours by the clock and that a fraction more than 365 of them are to be found in a year.

It is a good plan when one reads anything in a book to test it when he can for himself. We want to see just how long it takes the earth to turn over once. Let us take any one of the fixed stars that chances to be in line with some convenient point and, watch in hand, notice the precise moment at which the star touches, let us say, a particular tree, branch or steeple on the horizon line. If on the next evening we stand at precisely the same spot and sight the same star again in line with the same point as before, then we shall know that the earth has turned on its axis just once.

Curiously enough, however, we shall discover, if this is done carefully, that, in spite of what the books say, it does not require twenty-four hours for the earth to turn over once. About four minutes before the day is up, by the clock, the earth has revolved once and brought the star back to its old position in the sky. Really, then, the earth turns on its axis once in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes and four seconds and, as one can easily reckon, makes something more than 366 revolutions in a year.

But human beings are not so much interested in the stars as in the sun. We really don't care much how long it takes the earth to turn over and bring a star back again to the same point in the sky or how many times in a year a star seems to go by. We set our clocks and reckon our year by the turning of the earth under the sun, and because the earth not only turns under the sun, but also goes round it, it takes about four minutes longer to bring the sun up to its old place in the sky than to bring back a star. This comes about simply enough. Suppose one is in a room looking out the window at a tree. If he turns round once exactly he will find himself looking straight at the tree again, but if he tried the same thing when he was on a moving train he would find that while he was making the turn the tree had fallen behind. He would then, according to the way he twirled, have to turn a little more or a little less to bring the tree straight before his nose.

Therefore it is not quite true that a day is the time required for the earth to turn once on its axis. It really is this time plus the four minutes or so required for it to turn and look back at the sun. The time required for this extra turn is not the same at all times in the year. One can easily see in the case of the moving train that the faster the cars were moving or the nearer the track the tree stood the more the latter would seem to shift its position. Since the earth is some 3,000,000 miles nearer the sun in winter than in summer, and since also the nearer the sun it is the faster it travels, the difference between star day and sun day is greatest in winter.

Oddly enough, it happens that Dec. 22, which has the least daylight of any day in the year and is therefore commonly said to be the shortest of all days, is really the longest. It does, as a matter of fact, run almost half a minute over twenty-four hours, while the true shortest day, which comes on Sept. 17, falls short by about the same time.

So we really have three different "days." There is the star day, which is the time during which the earth turns over once. This, because the earth spins steadily, is always the same length, twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, four and nine-hundredths seconds, and there are 366 of them in a year. Then there is the ordinary legal day, which is the time required for a proper clock to get round twice. This is just twenty-four hours. Besides these, there is the sun day, its time told by the sundial, which, taking short with long, averages twenty-four hours, but is never found to be exactly the same length for two days in succession.

There is a string of long days in the winter, followed by a series of short ones in the spring. In the summer the sun days get long again, though not quite so long as in the winter. In the autumn come the shortest days of all. Only occasionally are clock day and sun day of the same length. Only four times a year do clock noon by the clock hands and sun noon by the sundial occur at the same moment, while, because the long and short sun days are found in sets, their oftentimes may be more than fifteen minutes apart.

The vast majority of the people reckon their time by the sun. But time for civilized men is time by the clock. The days are all twenty-four hours long, and no matter where the sun is it is noon for us when the clock strikes 12. Nevertheless, astronomers often go by star time, get in an extra day in each year and have their noon fall at all times of the day or night.—E. T. Brewster in Chicago Record-Herald.

It is a kindly act to help the fallen.—Ovid.

ANXIOUS WAGNER.

The First Performance of "Rienzi" at Dresden.

In Ludwig Frankenstein's Wagner year book Gustav Kietz tells this story in connection with the first performance of "Rienzi" at Dresden: "On the day of the first performance Wagner asked me to meet him in front of the theater after the box office had been opened, so that he could give me and my friend Schuster, the butcher, tickets for the performance. Wagner was in a state of great excitement, and when he gave me the two tickets Helme whispered to me, 'Take some one with good big hands with you.' He watched the people as they came toward the theater, and every time one went in he would make some remark to his wife which showed his satisfaction. I had to go within, but I shall never forget the childish joy of the composer when he saw groups enter the house and the disappointment when others passed the open doors. I thought of it even that evening when the enthusiasm was the greatest. How happy Wagner and his wife must have been at the following two performances, when the house was so filled that even his relatives, who had come to Dresden for that purpose, could not be admitted to the theater!"

THE DESERT SANDS.

Why the Arabs of Sahara Lose the Use of Their Eyes.

"I shall winter in the Sahara," said a traveling man. "With a caravan I shall traverse under a blinding sun and an endless plain of snow white sand, but none of my Mohammedan attendants will wear any kind of shade over his eyes."

"Against that dazzling glare the backs of their necks will be swathed in white linen, and even their ears will be protected. Nothing, though, will keep the sun out of their faces."

"Wondering about this, I said one day to the kaid of an Algerian village: 'Why don't you Arabs wear a cap of some sort? You live in the world's worst sun glare, but neither fez nor turban under any circumstances has a peak.'"

"The Koran," the kaid answered, "forbids all true believers to shade their eyes. Obeying the Koran implicitly, we dwellers in the desert avoid like poison brims to our headgear. In consequence there is more blindness among us than among any other people in the world."—Los Angeles Times.

A Popular Play Indeed.

Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" has been translated into German nine times, into French seven, into Italian six, into modern Greek three, into Latin and Swedish twice and into Croatian, Danish, Dutch, Frisian, Polish, Roumanian, Russian, Magyar, Portuguese and Yiddish. There are seven or eight English acting editions of the tragedy. But one attempt actually to alter and improve it has ever been made. This was in 1722, when John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, divided it into two parts at the death of Caesar, calling it "The Tragedies of Julius Caesar and Marcus Brutus," and made many other changes. To enrich this poor play, or, rather, these poor plays, Pope furnished some choruses, but they had the usual effects of ill-adjusted ornaments—they served only to make the meanness of the thing they bedecked the more conspicuous.

Full Faith in the Doctor.

A young farm laborer called one market day at the registrar's office to record his father's death. The registrar asked the date of death.

"Well, father ain't dead yet," was the reply, "but he will be dead before morning, and I thought it would save me another journey if you would put it down now."

"Oh, that won't do at all," said the registrar. "Why, your father may take a turn before morning and recover."

"Ah, no, he won't," said the young laborer. "Doctor says he won't, and he knows what he's given father."—Liverpool Mercury.

Irish Wit.

As Sir Walter Scott was riding with a friend near Abbotsford he came to a field gate, which an Irish beggar, who happened to be near, opened for him. Sir Walter was desirous of rewarding him by the present of sixpence, but found he had not so small a coin in his purse. "Here, my good fellow," said he: "here is a shilling for you, but, mind, you owe me sixpence." "God bless your honor!" exclaimed the Irishman. "May your honor live till I pay you!"

The Bone.

"Say, paw," queried little Tommy Toddlers, "what is the bone of contention?"
"The jawbone, my son," answered the old man, with a side glance at his wife.—Chicago News.

A Blunder.

Customer—I must say, waiter, this is the first time I've ever had a really tender steak here. Waiter (aghast)—Good gracious, I must have given you the proprietor's steak!—London Standard.

His Awful Threat.

Mother—Why did you not scream when Hans kissed you? Daughter—He threatened me. Mother—How? Daughter—He said if I did he'd never kiss me again.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Worry.

He—You know, if you worry about every little thing it's bound to affect your health. His Wife—Yes, I know. That's one of the things I worry about.—Town and Country.

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7:00 am	7:00 am
8:00 am	8:00 am
9:00 am	9:00 am
10:00 am	10:00 am
11:00 am	11:00 am
12:00 pm	12:00 pm
1:00 pm	1:00 pm
2:00 pm	2:00 pm
3:00 pm	3:00 pm
4:00 pm	4:00 pm
5:00 pm	5:00 pm
6:00 pm	6:00 pm
7:00 pm	7:00 pm
8:00 pm	8:00 pm
9:00 pm	9:00 pm
11:00 pm	11:30 pm

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Try a Herald Want Ad.

Nor Any Other Creature.

By Ina Wright Hanson.

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Looking up from a long drawn reverie before the unfinished picture on my easel, I saw Iolanthe beaming at me from the doorway.

"Come on!" she cried. "Put up your work and come with me into the country. I believe you don't even know it is May day. Don't you remember the month of May, when the air is so full of sweetness and love that even one shaving begins to feel an affection for another shaving? Come, let us a Maying go."

"I can't," I answered. "I'm up against it. I'm crowded to the wall. I'm broke."

Iolanthe laughed—the sweetest sound in this wise old world. "I had an intuition so, but that doesn't matter. This is my treat. You see, Isabel Dory took me to dinner yesterday, so I have enough to take us picnicking today. Come, brave knight, put on thy helmet and hasten."

I hastened. No one could resist Iolanthe. I took her little covered basket, and we went along the hall and down the stairs, with mock-doleful messages following us from our fellow workers, who were not going out into the blossoming May day world.

"What car are we going to take?" I asked as we reached the street.

Iolanthe blushed deliciously. "We are not going to take a car. You see, I got so interested in buying a 'scrumptious' lunch that I forgot about the car, and—"

"I see," I said gravely. "And you don't know how glad I am that we are to walk. It is so much healthier. Then we won't have to mingle with the plebeians on a common car. When rich aristocrats like us—"

Iolanthe glanced up at me rather sharply. I thought. It couldn't be that she knew—of course she couldn't know. No one knew but my uncle's lawyer and myself, and maybe my uncle. I wondered if my uncle did know in that unknown country he had lately entered. By and by I should tell Iolanthe that, when the preliminaries were over, I should have enough money to buy her everything she wanted, even if on this blithe day I had not a penny.

"If I can contribute this year to the election of William Jennings Bryan to the presidency, I will have reached the summit of my ambition and will be more than repaid for all my labor which I intend to give to these ends."

"Democrats, on behalf of the cause dear to our heart, I earnestly ask you for co-operation and support in organizing for victory. Without your help I will be well-nigh powerless. With your enthusiastic support, our cause will be invincible. Let your best men be named for office in the township, county and district. Let personal ambition and petty jealousy be put out of sight and put forth your best united efforts."

"In conclusion I want to repeat that every Democrat who is willing to work for party success will find in me an ally and friend and I earnestly invoke the aid of all friends of this good country in the great contest which is before us."

"U. S. JACKSON.
Chairman of the State Democratic Committee."

Miss Margery Melcher, State Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., will be at DePauw from Monday until Thursday visiting the local society. Miss Melcher is just lately from Miss Wilson's Christian Association Training School. As State Secretary she has just recently taken the place of Miss O'Daniels. Miss Melcher will lead the devotional meeting of the Y. W. C. A. next Wednesday afternoon.

While here she expects to hold conferences with each of the Y. W. committees and also with the Advisory Board. This is the first time that a state secretary has honored the local society with a visit of many days. Miss Melcher will be entertained at Florence Hall.

Rank Foolishness.
"When attacked by a cough or a cold, or when your throat is sore, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. King's New Discovery," says C. O. Eldridge, of Empire, Ga. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery quickly cures every attack." Known the world over as the King of throat and lung remedies. Sold under guarantee at The Owl Drug Store, 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Harry Vaw, the funniest of all black face comedians, promises to evoke laughter and applause from all in attendance.

**WE ATE OUR "SCRUMPTIOUS" LUNCH.**

us, and all due to a never known rich old uncle, now dead. But Iolanthe was proud, so first I would win her promise—win it while she believed me poor as herself.

Purity and courage and gentleness and beauty—that was my Iolanthe. Mine? Ah, when our May day was over, should I be calling her mine? "Who are you today?" she asked, stopping to fill her lungs with the buoyant air.

We had a habit of playing we were other folks when we went on these excursions—childish no doubt, but we were never going to grow old, we said, so it was best to be children a long time.

"Why, I am King Cophetua," I answered promptly, with a great inflating of my kingly chest and throwing back of my kingly head as we walked on.

"Her arms across her breast she laid; She was more fair than words can say. In robe and crown the king stepped down To meet and greet her on her way."

"Who are you today, Iolanthe?" "It's a pretty story," she mused, not answering my question, "but suppose it were turned around. Suppose that it were Queen Cophetua and the beggar man. Would he be good and let her love him? And would he be willing to sit on the throne with her?"

"Oh, that's different!" I said. "Of course a man could not take favors from a woman. The beggar man would have to go out into the world and win his fortune. He couldn't take it from his queen. You know he couldn't, don't you, Iolanthe?"

"No, I don't know anything about it," she said a bit crossly. But Iolanthe never could stay cross long enough to make it pay, so in a moment she was talking merrily again.

Presently we reached the spot we were bound for, a spot of sun and shade and running water and new spring flowers. We ate our "scrumptious" lunch, and then we sang and talked and had long spells of social silence, and all the while I was wondering how I should make her say "yes" if at first she happened to say "no."

"I am going to tell you a pretty story," she remarked after one of these silences. "It's a true one too. I am invited and so are you, and you'll go, won't you?"

"Oh, sure!" I answered recklessly. "Where?"

"A reception tomorrow evening to meet the richest girl you ever saw."

"Where?"

"A reception tomorrow evening to meet the richest girl you ever saw."

She has so much money she doesn't know what to do with it all, but folks have just found it out. She has pretended to be poor for reasons. We're both going because you said you would."

"I would do anything or go anywhere to please you, little girl," I answered with so much meaning that Iolanthe flushed and her dear eyes wavered before my gaze. I don't know quite how it happened, but suddenly I had my dream in my arms—my unresisting, perfect, red lipped dream—and I was quite mad with delight.

Then presently she cried out that I must never let anything come between us.

"Nor height nor depth nor any other creature," I said reverently.

"Nor any other creature," she repeated after me and made me say it every little while all the rest of that wonderful day, and I did not tell her about my fortune after all, though I had intended to. When you come to think of it, money is a sordid thing to discuss when two folks are quaffing nectar and nibbling ambrosia.

The next evening I went to the reception and was presented to the lady of riches. It seemed to me that all the room hushed its breath and waited while we two went through what was required of us. It seemed to me that I lived an eon before we were free from the great eye of the room and in some place where there were a splash of water and quiet and heavy perfume of flowers. There in the dim light she stood, slender as an English laburnum tree, away in her yellow silk robes toward me. Her hands, weighted with jewels, were held out to me. Her mouth that I had kissed was smiling at me—was saying:

"Nor any other creature!"

I stood there staring at this wonderful new Iolanthe, and all I could think of and all I said was:

"Barefooted came the beggar maid, Before the king Cophetua!"

Which, considering the circumstances, could hardly have been more absurd.

Iolanthe's laugh rang out; then she came closer to me, and her eyes grew very grave.

"Dearest," she whispered, "I was too rich to be happy, and so I ran away from everybody and went to work in the studio. I wanted to accomplish something. I wanted folks to say, 'She is a great painter,' not 'She is the richest girl in the country.' Then I found you, and—and I didn't care any more for fame, because I wanted something greater, love—your love—and you said 'Nor any other creature,' you know you did!"

"And meant it, too, my angel!" I exclaimed, coming out of my trance and taking her hands in mine. "You shall give me all the money you think I need, and I will sit on the throne with you like a good little man."

"I am so glad you are going to be sensible!" she said fervently.

And then I had to explain to her why I was laughing.

No Use For a Pessimist.
Freddie and his mother were having a thoroughly satisfactory romp when a visitor was announced. As one topic of conversation after another came up it developed that the caller was in an extraordinarily pessimistic frame of mind and expressed her disapproval in no measured terms of everything and everybody under discussion.

This impartial "knocking" disturbed Freddie's amiable soul mightily, and he slowly drew nearer and nearer until he finally stood before the lady, with his small face puckered and the corners of his mouth drawn down.

She stopped in the midst of an "Oh, a dreadful bore, my dear!" to say:

"Why, Freddie, please do unscrew your face. I don't like to see little boys look like that."

Freddie surveyed her for a moment and then said trenchantly, but with an obviously sincere wish for information:

"I guess you don't like most anything, do you?"—New York Times.

A Bad Shot.
A hot headed Irishman accidentally insulted an equally hot headed Frenchman, who insisted on fighting a duel with the Irishman to wipe out the slight. The Irishman suggested that the two of them should each draw a card from a pack, and the one who drew the lowest was to go into an adjoining room and blow his brains out. The Frenchman demurred at first, but finally fell in with the idea, and the two opponents drew out the cards, one of which was bound to carry death in its wake. The Irishman drew the lowest card, and, with a smile, he charged his revolver and betook himself off to a small anteroom to complete the tragedy. Presently a loud report rang out, and the white faced people ran wildly to the little anteroom, fully expecting to see the Irishman a gory corpse. Instead he came coolly along the passage to meet them, and as they stared wonderingly at him he cried:

"Begorra, Oi missed meself!"

Peculiar "Cure Stones."
Occupying an isolated position on the moors about five or six miles above Penzance, in Cornwall, a peculiar trio of stones is to be seen. They are arranged in a straight line, the two outside ones being four feet high and up right, while the center one is a little lower, but much wider. In the last mentioned there is a round hole large enough to admit of a man passing through. This pile is known as the "Men-an-tol," or "holed stone." Popular tradition states that any one crawling through the hole in the center stone will be forever immune from rheumatism and allied complaints. In times gone by the country people used to bring their children to the holed stone and pass them through.—Strand Magazine.

A CLEVER RUSE.

The Way an Ingenious Paris Merchant Saved Cable Tolls.

A wealthy merchant in Paris who does an extensive business with Japan was informed that a prominent firm in Yokohama had failed, but the name of the firm he could not learn. He could have learned the truth by cabling; but, to save expense, instead he went to a well known banker who had received the news and requested him to reveal the name of the firm.

"That's a very delicate thing to do," replied the banker, "for the news is not official, and if I gave you the name I might incur some responsibility."

The merchant argued, but in vain, and finally he made this proposition: "I will give you," he said, "a list of ten firms in Yokohama, and I will ask you to look through it and then tell me, without mentioning any name, whether or not the name of the firm which has failed appears in it. Surely you will do that for me?"

"Yes," said the banker, "for if I do not mention any name I cannot be held responsible in any way."

The list was made. The banker looked through it and as he handed it back to the merchant said, "The name of the merchant who has failed is there."

"Then I've lost heavily," replied the merchant, "for that is the firm with which I did business," showing him a name on the list.

"But how do you know that is the firm which has failed?" asked the banker in surprise.

"Very easily," replied the merchant. "Of the ten names on the list only one is genuine—that of the firm with which I did business. All the others are fictitious."

STRANGE DISHES.

Lion's Flesh, Tiger's Meat and Baked Elephant's Foot.

Lion's flesh is said to furnish a very good meal. Tiger meat is not so palatable, for it is tough and sinewy. In India nevertheless it is esteemed, because there is a superstition that it imparts to the eater some of the strength and cunning that characterizes the animal. This notion is not, of course, held by the followers of Brahma and Buddha, whose religion forbids the eating of flesh.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion among authorities on the subject as to the merits of elephant's flesh as an article of diet. By some it is considered a dainty, but there is the authority of at least one European against it. Stanley said that he frequently tasted elephant's flesh and that it was more like soft leather and glue than anything else with which he could compare it. Another explorer, however, declares that he cannot imagine how an animal so coarse and heavy as the elephant could produce such delicate and tender flesh. All authorities agree in commending the elephant's foot. Even Stanley admitted that baked elephant's foot was a dish fit for a king. It is the greatest delicacy that can be given to a Kaffir.—St. Louis Republic.

Sincerity.

In life sincerity is the sure touchstone of character. The good and valuable man is he who strives to realize day by day his own sincere conceptions of true manhood. Thousands are struggling to exhibit what some one else admires to reach the popular standard, to be or appear to be respectable and honorable, but few make it their aim to live thoroughly up to their own individual convictions of what is right and good.

Carlyle well says: "At all turns a man who will do faithfully needs to believe firmly. If he have to ask at every turn the world's suffrage, if he cannot dispense with the world's suffrage and make his own suffrage serve, he is a poor eye servant, and the work committed to him will be misdone."

A Historic Golfer.

The following entries in the accounts of James Graham, marquess of Montrose, when he was a student at the University of St. Andrews are quite in Falstaffian vein:

"Item: for two golf balls, 10sh.
"Item: my Lord taking ane drink in Jhone Gurns before he went out and after he came from the golf, 45sh. 4d.
"Item: to the boy who carried my Lord's clubs to the field, 3sh."

With every allowance for change of tariff, the most completely refreshed giants of modern gold dwindle into abstinence beside that "ane drink."
—London Athenaeum.

Crowded Out by Vain Man.

"I went into the office looking like a fright," said the woman. "I didn't have a chance to straighten my hat or pat my hair or anything. I had intended to pump go up in the elevator, but there was a man standing before each mirror twirling his mustache, and I couldn't even get a peep at myself."—New York Press.

Innocent Childhood.

Little William—My father has charge of over twenty men. Little Jimmy—Huh! That's nothing! My father has charge over your father! Little William—Well, my father makes more money than your father. He doesn't own the shop.—Bohemian.

A Wife's Dream.

"Step up, wife, you and the children," bawled Mr. Goodfellow, "and have a pair of shoes apiece on me. Have another pair. They won't hurt you any."

And then Mrs. Goodfellow awoke.—Pittsburg Post.

If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small.—Old Testament.

TIP.

[Original.]

"Can you find my dog?" said an old lady to the man at the desk at a police station. She was a diminutive woman with a pale face and grizzled gray wavy hair pulled down in an old fashioned way over her temples.

"Your dog, madam?"

"Yes. He's been missing for weeks. I'm sure he's been stolen, for he wouldn't have left me willingly for the world. He's a Scotch terrier, and his name is Tip. He loves me better than any one, and somehow I can't get along without him."

"When did you miss him, madam?"

"It's three weeks ago last Wednesday. I saw a strange man call to him and pet him. I thought the man had taken a fancy to him—he's such a beauty—but didn't suppose he would steal him. Poor little Tip!"

The last words were spoken with as much tenderness as if Tip had been a kidnapped child.

"Is that all? Were there no other suspicious circumstances connected with your dog's disappearance?"

"Nothing connected with the dog, but something happened that night. Burglars entered the house and took the few spoons I had left of my grandfather's silver."

"Have you recovered them?"

"No, but I wouldn't mind that so much if I had Tip, though I'm very poor. I'm afraid they're not treating him well, and I'm lonesome without him."

"If the man who petted him took him to deprive you of the alarm the dog would give when the house was entered. Burglars won't enter a house without first getting rid of the dog if there is one."

"Do you think so? I supposed he admired him. Everybody admires Tip. Here's his picture."

She drew a photograph from her reticule and handed it to the officer, who inspected it, muttering to himself, "Ugly enough to be a prize fighter."

Then to the lady, "I fancy they may not have killed your dog, madam!"

"Heaven forbid!" she interrupted, raising her hands and her eyes.

"There would more likely try to sell him since they could easily get a big price for him. I'm afraid we can't do anything for you, madam. If your dog hadn't been stolen to enable the thief or thieves to rob your house, I should advise you to advertise a reward for his return, stating that no questions would be asked. But, you see, if they got away with your spoons they wouldn't risk trying to get a reward for the dog. They're not quite such big fools as that. No, madam; we can't find your dog for you, but if you choose to leave your address if anything turns up we'll let you know."

The old lady went away sorrowful. A week passed when one morning a policeman called upon her and said the chief would like to see her at the station. She went there and saw the same man behind the desk as before.

"I have word," he said, "that a suspicious character is loitering about Arlington, fifty miles up the railroad. He's got a dog with him which he's trying to sell. I've phoned them to arrest him and hold him till we can discover if the dog's yours."

"I'll go right away and see," cried the old lady excitedly.

"There's no occasion for that," said the man at the desk. "Just wait a moment."

He took up a telephone receiver, called the police station at Arlington and asked to have the dog brought to the phone. When it was announced the dog was there, the chief talked in the receiver: "Hello, doggy! Doggy want a bone? Hello, Tip, Tip, Tip!" Then he asked how the dog had taken his call. The reply came that the only recognition he showed was a slight pricking up his ears at the name Tip.

"Now, madam," said the chief, "you talk to him."

"Tip! Is that you, Tip? Did the naughty man take my little doggie away from me?"

For reply there came a series of joyful barks.

"Let up," came a policeman's voice, "or the dog'll break the machine."

The chief ordered the dog sent down, and the same afternoon he was in his mistress' arms—that is, so long as she could keep him there, for he jumped down and up and circled about, barking, while the old lady sat with joyful tears streaming down her cheeks.

It was a few days after this that the lady received a note from the president of the —th National bank stating that if she could find it convenient to call at the bank he would be pleased to see her. He added an invitation for her to bring her dog. She sent a reply that the dog was not for sale. That afternoon the president called on the lady.

"There's no use," she said, "for you to try to buy Tip. I wouldn't part with him for all the money in your bank."

"Nor would I deprive you of him for twice that amount. I have called to tell you that Tip has been the means of our recovering \$100,000 worth of stolen securities. When you called to him over the phone, the man who had him was about to be released. He was held for further investigation and turned out to be one of a gang that robbed our bank six months ago. Here are your spoons, and here is the reward offered for the information leading to the recovery of our bonds. I give it to you in trust for Tip as long as he lives, though you are to spend the income and have the principal at his death."

Tip and his mistress are living in luxury. MABEL D. HENDRICKS.

Warden's Home-Made BREAD**New England Bakery**

EAST SIDE SQUARE
Greencastle, Ind.
Phone 333

Greencastle ICE

Made in Greencastle by
Greencastle men.

Rate to Families 25c

per Hundred Pounds

TELEPHONE 136

Crystal Ice Co.**REXALL Ninty-Three Hair Tonic**

50c and \$1.00

If REXALL doesn't give satisfaction come back and get your money. It belongs to you and we want you to have it.

The Owl Drug Co. Red Cross Drug Co.**Ship Your Freight**

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T. H. I. & E. Trac. Line

Express service at Freight rates to all points touched by Fractiou Line in Indiana and Ohio. Inquire of Local Agent.

FERD LUCAS

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Real Estate, Insurance
and Coal

No. 21 S. Ind. St., Greencastle, Ind.
Phone 255.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

George Binkley was in Bloomington today.

Dan Shuey, of Bainbridge, spent the day in the city.

Charles Crawley, of Putnamville, was in the city today.

Mrs. Walter Albaugh is visiting friends in Mooresville.

T. Lane made a business trip to Indianapolis this morning.

Supt. Oscar Thomas made a business trip to Cloverdale today.

C. F. Hughes, of Bainbridge, transacted business in the city this morning.

Mrs. Clay Bee will visit her daughter, Florence, of Indianapolis over Sunday.

Andy Comer, of Hendricks county, was in the city this morning en route to Pecksburg.

Miss Hallie Nelson has returned from a visit with her grand parents in Portland Mills.

Miss Grace Oakley will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Oakley, of Roachdale tomorrow.

Mrs. Eugene Hamrick will visit Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sinclair, of Cloverdale, over Sunday.

Little Lucile Gildewell, who fell from a stool Wednesday and sprained her ankle, is still unable to walk.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilder, of Indianapolis, who are moving to Cloverdale, was in the city this morning.

Amos Shipley returned to his home in Paris, Ills. this morning after a visit here with Mr. and Mrs. Otis Gardner.

Mrs. Helen Cassity will spend tomorrow in Bainbridge and will then visit her sister, Mrs. Joseph Bledsoe, of Roachdale.

The new musical club which sang to the pleasure of the congregation last Sunday will sing again tomorrow under the direction of Prof. Kleinsmid.

Prof. Gough will preach Sunday evening in the College Avenue church. This is the first sermon of Prof. Gough in the city and he will be heard with interest by the students and citizens.

The Violin World, a journal published at New York, which is an authority in the music world, had the following to say of Ross Allen Baker, DePauw, '06: "Danville, Ills. has an excellent orchestra under the direction of R. A. Baker, who is high school instructor in physics and chemistry. Mr. Baker has had much experience in the line of music and is said to be an ideal leader."

Piles Cured at Home by Absorption Method

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P, Notre Dame, Ind.

Enlarging Your Business



If you are in business and you want to make more money you will read every word we have to say. Are you spending your money for advertising in haphazard fashion as if intended for charity, or do you advertise for direct results?

Did you ever stop to think how your advertising can be made a source of profit to you, and how its value can be measured in dollars and cents. If you have not, you are throwing money away.

Advertising is a modern business necessity, but must be conducted on business principles. If you are not satisfied with your advertising you should set aside a certain amount of money to be spent

annually, and then carefully note the effect it has in increasing your volume of business; whether a 10, 20 or 30 per cent increase. If you watch this gain from year to year you will become intensely interested in your advertising, and how you can make it enlarge your business.

If you try this method we believe you will not want to let a single issue of this paper go to press without something from your store.

We will be pleased to have you call on us, and we will take pleasure in explaining our annual contract for so many inches, and how it can be used in whatever amount that seems necessary to you.

If you can sell goods over the counter we can also show you why this paper will best serve your interests when you want to reach the people of this community.

E. E. Sharp has returned to the city.

John Staugh was here from Brazil today.

Dr. Gobin is in West Lebanon over Sunday.

Arthur Rohn is visiting his parents in Rockville.

Mrs. Ray Webster, of Brazil, spent the day here.

W. H. Miller will be in Montezuma for a few days.

Charles Argent, of Groveland, was in the city today.

Wm. Harris transacted business in Indianapolis today.

Miss Mable Cooper is visiting her parents in Fincastle.

Charles Moorish is visiting with home folks at Brazil.

Miss Lewis Pigman, of Brazil is visiting Theta sisters.

Miss Eunice Roper is visiting friends in Bloomington.

Badah Hazel, of Indianapolis, was in the city this afternoon.

Miss Geraldine Smith will visit in Bloomington over Sunday.

Miss Anna Miller of Fillmore is in town today visiting friends.

Miss Maggie Gillespie is visiting Mrs. Pete McNary at Fillmore.

Miss Vita Finley will spend tomorrow with home folks in Brazil.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Morgan are visiting relatives in West Lebanon.

Albert Graham, of Indianapolis, will spend Sunday with home folks.

Miss Mabel Dice will be with home folks in Crawfordsville over Sunday.

Dr. S. B. Towne has gone to Shawnee Mound to remain over Sunday.

Miss Blanche Stilson is visiting at her home in Indianapolis over Sunday.

Arthur and Guy Rhom are visiting at their home in Rockville over Sunday.

Clarence Holland, of Seattle, Wash., is visiting his uncle, Geo. B. Gibson.

Mrs. H. M. Bradford, of Delphi, Ind., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmore.

Miss Laura Davis has returned home, after a few days visit in Indianapolis.

Miss Myrtle Stover, of DePauw Music school, is with her parents at Roachdale.

G. W. Griffin has returned from Crawfordsville, where he has been on business.

Mrs. R. L. O'Hair went to Darlington this afternoon to visit her daughter, Mabel, over Sunday.

Miss Ethel Frank has gone to Bloomington, where she will visit home folks over Sunday.

A number of relatives from here will attend the McCray-Rogers wedding at Roachdale tomorrow.

Mrs. Cora Millikin has returned to her home in Terre Haute, after a visit with Mrs. Thomas Thompson.

Miss Mary K. Birch went to New Port this afternoon, where she will visit Mrs. Dr. Hall over Sunday.

Miss Juanita Aydelotte, went to Crawfordsville this afternoon to spend tomorrow with her parents.

N. M. Skinner went to Martinsville this afternoon, where he will be in charge of a series of meetings.

I. N. Shannon and son, Walter, have returned to their home in Bloomington, after a short visit here.

The Woman's Club met at the home of Mrs. H. B. Longdon this afternoon. Mrs. Longdon has a paper on Wagner.

Mrs. Maggie Keppard and children, Clyde and Eva, of Muncie were in the city this afternoon en route to their home in Bedford.

Mrs. Martha Skinner of near the city, was called to Bloomington this afternoon to see her daughter, Mrs. Underwood, who is ill.

MCCRAY-ROGERS

This afternoon at four o'clock occurred the marriage of Miss Bess McCray to Verne Rogers, at the home of the groom's brother, Elmer Rogers, of Roachdale. Squire Smith performed the ceremony in the presence of a few witnesses.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Rogers went to the groom's home, west of Roachdale, where an elegant supper awaited them.

Both are well known in Roachdale. The bride has been employed in the News Office there for the past two years and the groom is an expert paper hanger. Their many friends extend their heartfelt congratulations.

Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays itching at once, acts as a poultice gives instant relief. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and itching of the private parts. Sold by all druggists, mail 50c and \$1.00, Williams' Mfg. prop. Cleveland, O.

SUNDAY SERVICE CALENDAR

Events in Greencastle's Places of Worship Tomorrow Are Given Below—The Different Pastors and the Subjects of Their Sermons.

Locust Street Church

Rev. J. F. O'Haver, pastor.

The services of the Sabbath will be in charge of the pastor. The themes are, "The Most Popular Book" and "The Lost Sheep." A chorus choir directed by Prof. J. P. Naylor will furnish special music at both services. Other services are as follows: Class Meeting, 9:30; Sunday School, 2:00; Intermediate League, 5:30; Senior League, 6:30.

Mr. Asbury Manuel will lead the class. Mr. John Foreman will be in charge of the Sunday School.

A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Christian Church

Rev. C. W. Couble, pastor.

The services tomorrow will be conducted by the pastor, who will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

"Shining Like Stars" will be the subject at 10:30. "The Balance of Power" will be the evening theme.

There will be special music at each service. The Sunday School will meet at 9:30.

Every body is cordially invited to these services.

College Avenue Church

Rev. J. S. Hoagland, pastor.

The pastor, J. S. Hoagland, will preach the morning sermon in the College Avenue church, Sunday. In the evening at 7:30 o'clock, Prof. Harry B. Gough of the University will preach.

The Choral Society directed by Prof. Kleinsmid will lead the congregational singing and have special musical numbers.

New members will be received. Class Meeting at 9:30 a. m. directed by Mr. VanArsdel. Sunday School at 2 p. m., Dr. Blanchard, Supt. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.

All are cordially invited to these services. Ushers will seat the people.

Episcopal Church

Dr. E. E. Edwards, Rector.

Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.; Morning Prayer and Sermon, 10:30 a. m. Public cordially invited.

Presbyterian Church

Rev. D. VanDyke, D. D., pastor.

10:30 a. m. theme, "Seeing His Glory." 7:30 p. m. theme, "Reconciled to God." Sabbath School at 2 p. m., Mr. Wm. Peck, Supt.; Bible Class lecture by Dr. VanDyke, see Exodus, 34 Chapt. The Sacrament of Baptism and the Lord's Supper administered in connection with the 10:30 a. m. service. All members of this church are especially requested to be present at the Sacraments.

Prayer Meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

The public cordially invited.

A Higher Health Level

"I have reached a higher health level since I began using Dr. King's New Life Pills," writes Jacob Springer, of West Franklin, Maine. "They keep my stomach, liver and bowels working just right." If these pills disappoint you on trial, money will be returned at The Owl Drug Store. 25c. Jn.

OUR WANT COLUMN

Piano Tuning—D. B. Caughthran, "The Piano Tuner," will be here this week. Leave orders at J. F. Hill's Music Store.

Boy Wanted—Boy wanted to learn the printers trade. Apply at this office.

PILES CONQUERED

"Last fall I was so ill with Piles I could not work. I bought a package of Hoyt's Improved Pile Remedy, and half a tube cured me. I never got so much satisfaction out of so little money." E. L. JAMES, Rockford, Wash.

Appeals to Reason

Hoyt's Pile Remedy Improved.

Strikes right at the very foundation of the disease. Stops the pain and itching almost instantly, allays irritation immediately and heals like magic. Safe, simple, neat, clean, easy to use and fully guaranteed. Price \$1.00. C. H. HOYT & CO., Toledo, Ohio

FOR SALE BY THE

Owl Drug Store and

Red Cross Drug Store

THEODORE HOOK.

Stories of the Greatest Practical Joker of His Day.

Of the list of geniuses the name of Theodore Hook is near the top. At sixteen he was making a big income and enjoying great popularity. His name was blazoned in the papers as a prodigy, his portraits were in the shop windows, and he had free admission to all theaters and other places of amusement. For years he was a social and literary lion. His last words were: "It is only to the grave that I must be carried. If my poor children were safe I would not care. I am suffering under a constant depression of spirits which no one who sees me in society dreams of."

Hook's practical jokes were the talk of the day. His intimates egged him on continually, and there was nothing he would stop at. One day they pointed out to him as an appropriate specimen for his museum a glided eagle of enormous dimensions which had just been erected over a grocer's shop. A few weeks afterward while entertaining his coterie at dinner at one of the old taverns he ordered the "game" to be served. To the astonishment of the guests the waiter entered the room staggering under the burden of a dish of unusual size. On uncovering it there was produced the identical eagle which Hook as a practical joke had contrived to carry off. Merely for this sort of fun Hook used to pull off knoekers and bell handles, carry away tradesmen's signs, overturn the boxes of sleeping janitors and do other devilment until he had a roomful of household attachments and street ornaments.

One night Hook was passing a great house where there was a reception of the swiftest of the swells. Dinner had just been announced. He said to the friend accompanying him: "John, I'm going in here to spend the evening. Call for me at 11 o'clock." The friend was horrified. Said he in protest, "You do not know these grand people, and you are not an invited guest." "That's all right. Call for me at 11." Knocking at the door, he gave his hat confidently to the lackey and was ushered upstairs. Entering the drawing room, he affected at first to have discovered his mistake and poured such sallies of wit that the host and hostess actually pressed him to stay for dinner.

At 11 o'clock, when his friend called, not knowing whether he would find Hook at the reception or in the lock-up, he was more than astounded on entering the drawing room to see Hook seated at the piano delivering some extempore poetry to a bevy of the fairest women in the gathering. Perceiving the entrance of this friend, the practical joker, who had not hitherto divulged his name, arose and said:

"I'm very much pleased with your fare. Your cellar is as good as your cook; My friend's Mr. Terry, the player, And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook."

The king, being present and full of enjoyment, took a great fancy to Hook and immediately appointed him treasurer to the island of the Mauritius with a salary of \$10,000 a year.—New York Press.

A Big Boiled Dinner.

Cooks in large hotels and boarding houses may think they get up meals on a big scale, but when it comes to wholesale cookery the little village of Liss, on the London and Southwestern railway, England, surpasses them all. At a barbecue held there some years ago an ox was boiled, not roasted, whole, and this is how it was done: A large hole was dug in the ground and lined with brick. Inside this a tank large enough to hold the ox was built. The carcass was then lowered into the tank, having first been placed in a case formed by heavy crossbars, to which chains were attached. Pulleys from a scaffolding above were used to raise and lower the ox. Many vegetables, such as carrots, onions, cabbages and potatoes, were boiled with the meat. The boiling required seven hours.

Not Quite Clear.

A well known clergyman of Boston was once talking to some friends with reference to the desirability of chronological coherence in ideas in the form of written statements, when he observed that there are times when this method becomes a trifle too suggestive.

"For instance," said the speaker, "I once heard a minister in New Hampshire make his usual Sunday morning announcements as follows:

"The funeral of the late and much lamented sexton takes place on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

"Thanksgiving services will be held in this chapel on Thursday morning at 11 o'clock."—Lippincott's.

A Changed Bird.

An Irishman who wasn't much of a hunter went out to hunt one day, and the first thing he saw to shoot at was a bluejay sitting saucily on the top of a fence. He blazed away at the bird and then walked over to pick it up.

What he happened to find there was a dead frog, which he raised carefully at arm's length, looking at it with a puzzled air. Finally he remarked, "Well, begob, but ye was a foina looking burd berr o' biew ther fithers off o' yerse!"—Judge's Library.

Ridiculous.

"Among the Quakers," said Miss Wise, "I believe the men wear their hats in church."

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed Miss Giddy. "As if any one could possibly be interested in men's hats!"—Philadelphia Press.

The men in this country who begin by knowing it all generally wind up by asking the way home.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Bridal Race.

By Maude Swalm Evans.

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"I want you to ride in the bridal race with me, Frieda," said Wilhelm Roeb as he stood ready to mount Black Nance after having delivered his sister's wedding invitation to Farmer Dietrich's family.

"I can't," answered Frieda Dietrich with regret in her eyes and voice. "Father has promised Anil Myer that I shall ride with him."

"You wouldn't do that, Frieda?" pleaded Wilhelm. "I've never told you so, but as long back as I can remember I've counted on your being my wife some day. You won't ride in the bridal race with any other man, Frieda? Tell me that you won't," entreated Wilhelm.

"I'd like to ride with you, Wilhelm, but I can't. I must do as father says," and the tears welled to Frieda's eyes as she turned and went into the house.

Dejection and gloom took possession of Wilhelm as he rode away.

"I don't believe that Frieda really cares for Myer," he soliloquized. "He must be at least ten years older than she is, but he's got his farm clear and money in the bank, and of course that talks with Dietrich. Myer's got good horses, and he stands a chance of winning the race with Nance out, and if he does!" Wilhelm's face looked dark and threatening and then perturbed as his thoughts flashed back to a winter's night when he, a half grown boy, sat by the fireplace in Stein's large kitchen and with bulging eyes and open mouth listened to old Granny Stein tell weird stories of her fatherland. Just as vividly as he did that night Wilhelm could see the old woman's face grow witchlike and uncanny under the flickering frelight as she told of a couple who, after winning the bridal race, had disregarded the omen and had refused to marry.

Love had changed to hate, and so bitter was the new passion that they traveled far away from their native home in hope of never meeting again. When a twelvemonth passed the "fire man" gained possession of their souls, and constantly and unceasingly he pursued them, bringing them nearer and nearer together until he succeeded in driving them close enough to encircle with his lightning. At first there was a great circle, but it grew smaller and smaller until the man and woman met, and then in a flash and a roar they disappeared and were never seen again. Wilhelm knew that if Frieda entered the bridal race with Myer she would be irrevocably lost to him.

One morning shortly after Wilhelm had carried the wedding invitation he was in the village. When about to get his horse for the homeward trip he remembered that his mother wanted some things from Funk's grocery. In the store he found Dietrich and Myer. Myer had brought in some farm produce and was settling with Gus Funk, the grocer's boy.

"I owe you a dollar ninety-seven, but I can't make it," said Gus, looking into the money drawer. "I have only one ninety-five in change."

"That's near enough, Myer," interrupted Dietrich; "take it and come on."

"I don't know," replied Myer. "A penny here and a penny there and a dollar's soon gone. You put it down, Gus, and pay me the next time," insisted Myer, following Dietrich out.

"There's a stingy man for you," remarked Gus to Wilhelm. "If father owes him an old sun he'll always say, 'Even it up, Funk; a few pennies don't count,' and father will even it up."

"You don't have money unless you watch it, Gus, my boy," responded Wilhelm.

"There's a limit," retorted Gus. "Myer is an old miser. One time I picked up a few apples from under his trees, and he came out and swore he'd have me arrested. Henry Rubb came along and paid for them, and then the old coward said I ought to be punished that made me sore for a week. I intend to get even with him for that kick some day."

"I believe you're just the fellow I'm looking for, Gus," Wilhelm declared, and he stayed in the store and talked for nearly an hour. When he came out he had a smile on his face and he had regained his usual cheerfulness. Each day until the wedding he carried and brushed Nance until her coat shone like velvet. Whenever he could he took the church road to his home, and when there was no one in sight he urged his mare to her fastest speed and guided her through ditches and over all the rough places that he could find along the road.

"It's no use pulling at my coat, old girl," declared Wilhelm as he brushed Nance the morning of his sister's wedding day. "No, you can't have oats or anything else until you get back. I know it seems mean, Nance, but you'll get all the more by and by. Here are some pretty ribbons for you. Blue means first prize. Do you know that? There, you are as pretty a mare as ever traveled these roads. Now watch me, old girl. See—one, two, three—four measures of oats. In they go. No, don't put! you can't have a bite now. They'll be there when you get back. I'm going to hitch you to a buggy and the you in the yard until I'm ready to start."

When Wilhelm arrived at the church, he found nearly all of the hitching places occupied. There were horses and vehicles of all sorts, and all were

gayly trimmed with plumes and ribbons and bunting. Myer's horse was tied to the post nearest the church porch.

"I suppose he'd have tied at the porch if the place wasn't reserved for Dietrich," Wilhelm muttered as he fastened Nance to the fence on the opposite side of the road. He entered the church a few minutes before the bridal couple arrived.

After the last words of the ceremony were spoken the little organ sent forth a joyous strain, and Fritz and Ann walked down the aisle toward the door, Dietrich alone preceding them. He was to drive them home. All the other guests kept their seats until the chiming of the church bell announced that the bridal party had started, for as deeply rooted as was the belief in the winner's omen was the belief that misfortune would surely follow the bride in her married life did any in the race pass her carriage during the run.

At the first clang of the bell there was a general and hurried uprising. Myer and Wilhelm were the first out, and as they stepped on the porch they saw Myer's horse flying down the road toward his home with a broken hitching strap dangling from his bit. In frantic anger Myer jumped from the porch and went yelling after the horse.

"You're going the wrong way to win the race," called some one after him.

Wilhelm hurried to where Nance was tied. "Oats," he whispered in her ear. He jumped in the buggy and drove to Frieda, who was standing with a group of girls awaiting their escorts.

"Jump in Frieda," invited Wilhelm. "Nance won't stand."

Frieda glanced at her father in the distance and then at Myer's disappearing figure. Then she accepted the help of Wilhelm's free hand and sprang into the buggy. In another second the church bell rang for the start, and she and Wilhelm were speeding, with a dozen other pairs, after the bridal couple.

With ears high and visions of a full feed box, Nance ran as she had never run before. Through ditches, over ruts and stones, inch by inch she gained on the other horses until at last she had left them all behind. She entered her yard several minutes before the next couple arrived.

Ann and Fritz had gone into the house and Dietrich was tying his horses when he caught sight of Wilhelm and Frieda.

"I thought you were to ride with Myer!" he exclaimed.

"Myer is running the race with his horse," laughed Wilhelm. "He went the other way."

"It'll have to stand now," said Dietrich, shaking Wilhelm's hand. "You don't seem to be very sorry about it. Puss," he remarked, pinching his daughter's cheek as Wilhelm led her in to get the bride's first kiss.

After the last guest had left the church Gus Funk crawled cautiously out through a hole in the foundation of the church.

"Gee, that wasn't much of a trick," he grinned, "to change Myer's strap for a broken one and to 'shoo' the horse down the road. It's a good thing that Dietrich or the married pair didn't look back. I've got even with Myer all right—more than even. I really think he owes me another kick, for this morning's fun, with a good hitching strap thrown in, is certainly worth two."

Prophecies the Phonograph.

An electrician of New York has a collection of prophecies ament the phonograph. It is interesting to note that Emerson prophesied the phonograph's advent. He said:

"We make the sun paint our portraits now. By and by we shall organize the echoes as we now organize the shadows."

Maury, in 1844, prophesied more clearly than Emerson, saying: